

Hawaii in 1880: The Journal of Dr. Nelson J. Bird

Susan N. Bell

Travel, adventure, curiosity, health, pleasure, financial gain, re union with friends and family—all of these motivated a visit to the Islands in the 19th Century. But one reason for the trip must stand as unique in the annals of Hawaii's past: as a cure for mental derangement! This was the stated purpose for the visit in 1880 of a San Francisco physician, Dr. Nelson J. Bird, who came "in professional charge of Mr. F. A. Sawyer, to restore whose impaired mind is the object of our journey."¹

While Dr. Bird had been a resident of San Francisco for 16 years previous to his Hawaiian trip, he was by birth a Canadian. Born in Belleville, Ontario around 1835, he had been educated in Toronto, Victoria College in Cobourg, and had taken his medical degree at the University of Queen's College in Kingston. Bird graduated in April of 1860.² He then emigrated to the United States, acquired a wife, Augusta Maxwell, and settled for a time in Virginia City, Nevada (where he made the acquaintance of Mark Twain) before coming to San Francisco in 1864.³

A charter member of the San Francisco Medical Society in 1868, Dr. Bird was in private practice until June of 1881 when he was appointed medical officer of San Quentin prison, a position he held for a little over two years before resigning and returning to private practice.⁴ Subsequently, he was appointed General Manager of California's World's Fair Commission to oversee California's parti-

Susan N. Bell teaches English at Cheneketa Community College in Salem, Oregon. She has a collection of essays on 19th-Century Hawaiian history presently in press at Press Pacifica.

The author gratefully thanks Michael Hanson of Portland, Oregon, current owner of the Journal, for allowing her to transcribe it, and the following people for helping her to retrace some of the details of Dr. Bird's life: Jocelyn A. Moss, Reference Librarian, California Historical Society; Jane Cassidy, California Genealogical Society; and Barbara Dunn, Hawaiian Historical Society.

The Hawaiian Journal of History, vol. 18 (1984)

icipation in the World's Columbian Exposition which opened May 1, 1893, in Chicago.⁵

Active in the Bay City's medical affairs until the 20th Century, Dr. Bird is last listed in the San Francisco City Directory in 1904, two years before the great earthquake and fire which devastated the city.⁶ Whether he lived through the destruction of his adopted city is impossible now to ascertain, but his Journal at least survived. It is a leather-bound 5" x 7½" book of 289 pages; the entries in ink are legible once the doctor's unique style of penmanship is deciphered. He betrays his Canadian schooling, however, in the lack of periods after abbreviations such as "Dr" and "Mrs" and the spelling of such words as "centre" and "favour." While the consistency of his spelling is that of an educated man, there are occasional lapses which have not been noted by the usual "sic," as the meaning is in no way injured by these variant spellings. However, for ease of reading, actual misspellings have been corrected herein. The following account opens what is believed to be the second volume of the Doctor's diaries. The first has apparently disappeared, but it is this surviving segment which is of most concern to historians of Hawaii, for it allows a glimpse into the mind of a 19th Century tourist and a contemporary view of Honolulu and the Big Island of Hawaii in 1880.

In the interest of brevity, the details of the voyage have been omitted since they deal primarily with passengers and the usual shipboard activities. The steamer *Australia*, under Capt. Cagill, left San Francisco November 21st and had a fairly uneventful eight-day passage to the Islands. On board were 110 passengers, 60 of whom were bound for Honolulu, including Rev. S.C. Damon, Judge McCully, Warden David Kay Fife, Jinnie and Anna Jones, and a troupe of actors, the Bella Union players from San Francisco. Dr. Bird's charge, Mr. Sawyer, created several incidents on shipboard which annoyed the passengers and caused the doctor embarrassment as well as a number of sleepless nights; the man was evidently quite seriously deranged, and at one point it was feared he might jump overboard. It must have been a relief to all concerned when the ship finally reached port.

HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS

Nov. 29th, 1880—Is it a dream? It was. It was a dream of my youth. It is now a reality. I am in the Hawaiian Kingdom, the dominion of the Kamehamehas. I have longed to be here since in

boyhood I first read the story of Capt Cook. The name "Sandwich Islands" has held a charm for me all my life as the grandest theatre of volcanic tragedies in the world. I can not yet describe Honolulu, I have not seen enough of it, but I am in it. I am breathing its warm, sweet atmosphere, listening to its strange pretty birds, walking under its bananas, cocos, mangos, papaias, pecans, oranges, [the trees] laden with fat ripe fruits, looking at its natives, whose kindred ate [later written over in pencil, "killed"] Capt. Cook in 1779—dark, flabby, fleshy, loosely dressed women, strong, bony, blackeyed, lazy men. I would fear them now but for Christianity. We sighted land at 8 a.m. yesterday. It was the Island of Maui away to our left; an hour later and we saw Molokai reaching away in a low point towards an island directly in our bow, but which we did not see till 12 hrs. [later], the Island of Oahu our destination on which this town of Honolulu is situated. All the afternoon we watched and walked and felt happy. God had given us a safe voyage and crowned its conclusion with every pleasure that a pure, blue sky, a smooth peaceful sea, perfect health and happy acquaintances on board could produce. As we approached Oahu . . . , the sun was sinking behind heavy compact clouds resting on volcanic sugar loaves of dark, grim lava rock and the tints of gold and purple and silver of this tropical sunset with beautiful brilliant Venus right in our prow made a picture of surpassing loveliness. We passed Koko [Head] Point and before us was Diamond [Head] Point, and then we were in the harbor of Honolulu. Our cannon boomed, we passed the coral reef, received on board the quarantine officer, passed inspection and were allowed to step on shore of the Hawaiian Kingdom. It was nearly 10 o'clock when we arrived at this Hotel. I secured a double bed for Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Piatt, but I was left out together with many others. I then took a carriage and drove back to the ship and went to bed in my stateroom, but the thought that the ship might carry me off to Australia robbed me of sleep, and at 12½ [sic 12:30] a.m. I arose, dressed and secured a carriage to drive me up into the city again, when I secured a room in a Kanaka's house. Just at daybreak, I was awakened by sweet chatterings of strange birds. I arose and in my nightshirt walked barefooted around the yard under delicious bananas and cocos, hanging high in beautiful clusters. The soft sweet breath pervading all around me, the width and length and greenness of the dense foliage, the murmur of the breakers on the distant coral reef, the lava cones lifting themselves into the purple sky above me, captured and enraptured me until I felt I could live here forever.

Lascivious Nature, knowing the lust of my heart for such resistless charms, made her perfect conquest . . . I breakfasted at the hotel. Have seen some of the city, but a heavy cooling rain has kept us indoors most of the day. I now return to my Kanaka cottage to sleep again under the overhanging bananas and cocos.

Nov. 30th, 1880—I am sitting in the cupola of the Hawaiian Hotel. The night was dark and wet; but without a light or guide I walked to my lodgings about three blocks passing the lava walls of the King's Palace. Wading through pools of water and turning down a dark narrow alley thickly shaded with bananas and papaias, I found the gate of my little Kanaka cottage, two men and several Kanaka girls or women in the basement. While my hostess was putting a blanket on my bed, my host entertained me in very broken English. I told him my name was Bird and that I was a doctor. "Ah, Kauka Manu," he said, simply the Hawaiian for "Dr. Bird." He offered me any one of the women downstairs for a bedfellow, and wondered at my refusal. His wife smiled too at my innocence and offended or disgusted virtue. It rained all night. I slept sweetly. Rising early I again walked about in nightdress nakedness, and found several girls and women walking in the same loose manner, with simply a calico wrapper held by the hands around the waist, but occasionally carelessness would allow the exposure of a plump dark breast whose prolonged downward predisposition proved its accustomed innocence of corsets. I drove over in a carriage to the hotel, breakfasted again on rich, ripe bananas which melted in my mouth like a compound of whitest honey and golden cream [and] a delicious fresh fish called the mullet somewhat like a mountain trout and a sweet orange. I then climbed to this delightful view over the whole town where the sea of dense dark green foliage spreads out before me in every direction.

Dec. 1st, 1880—At sea again on the steamship *Likeli*. At 4. p.m. yesterday we drove to the wharf in a heavy rain and came on board this boat which is simply an overgrown tug, with a small cabin below with curtained berths on the sides and a dining table in the middle. Dr. Tisdale, the two Morrisons, Mr. Piatt, Mr. Sawyer, Mr. Mudge, Mr. Northrup, Mr. & Mrs. Ricord, Miss Anna Cornor, and King Kalakaua with his attendants, and Capt. Thomas Spencer are on board. As we steamed out of the harbor a salute of 21 guns was fired from Diamond [Head] Point in honor of his Majesty. The horrors of

sea sickness sent me to my berth without my dinner where I lay all night in torture that would be cruel to the damned. We passed close to the shore of Molokai, crossed another channel, and at Lahaina, sent a few passengers ashore in a whale boat . . . The island of Maui [was] the first land we sighted on our approach to the Islands on Sunday last. Again we set off passengers at Olowalu, passing the Island Lanai to our right, then sailed down between the Island Kahoolawe and Maui. We had a good view [of] the Maui Haleakala, the high, grim, distinctly defined peak of an extinct crater 10,000 feet above the Sea, which first thrilled us as "land ahead" at 8 o'clock Sunday last. Today I was introduced to the King by Dr. Tisdale. I talked about an hour with him, as he lay on his . . . couch dressed loosely in blue pants, silk white shirt, fastened in front with gold buttons, a brown straw hat with wide peacock ribbon. He is a good natured, fat, indolent fellow. Our conversation was chiefly on the politics of the U.S., the treaty, and individual statesmen. He was glad Garfield was elected. He invited me to his Palace.

Dec. 2nd 1880—Leaving the Island Maui, we crossed a rough sea or channel and at 2 p.m. yesterday we got our first view of the largest Island in the whole of the Sandwich Islands the Island of Hawaii. At 4 p.m. we reached the shore, a barren lava desert, not a tree or bush in sight except away up on the mountain side. We steamed down the Western shore [of the] Kohala district to a little landing called Kawaihae, no wharf, [and] the passengers got down from the ship in whale boats. Dr. Tisdale here left us with a warm invitation to visit his plantation 14 miles inland. The King also left us here. On for ten miles down the coast to another similar landing and then the ship headed north. We retraced our steps, touching at Kipi. The night was clear, warm, and delightful. I made the acquaintance of Miss Anna Cornor, and we spent the evening in profitable conversation. At 3 o'clock this morning I was awakened by a gentle hand upon my own. It was Miss Anna Cornor's. She said, "Come to the deck the burning mountain is in full blaze before us." I went with her, and beheld the sublimest picture of fiery grandeur possible to human imagination. . . . Mauna Loa in the South of this Island was enveloped in molten lava, filling the heavens with brilliant solar-like corona, and pouring out its rivers of fire 30 miles in length. We stood entranced. It was my first sight of a living volcano. Heavy dark clouds stood over the mountains which were converted by the volcanic flames into chariots of fire. This mountain has only recently burst

forth filling the country with great fear. Its columns of fire leaped into the sky 500 feet. We stood looking in silent awe experiencing emotions from latent resources never before reached, and under this new sublime external potency I began to learn that our emotional capacity possesses possibilities of action like a chemical laboratory, limited only in variety and intensity of action by the limit of re-agencies, and this thought led me to the entrancing idea of our possibilities in heaven when the redeemed shall come in contact with the infinite re-agencies of Jehovah. . . . That whole night out at sea in the middle of the Pacific was one of the grandest of my life, enlarging my capacity to appreciate the Creation of this wonderful world. We watched Venus go down in the sea casting a broad brilliant reflection on the waves like a setting sun. Jupiter and Saturn in our zenith were very bright. Orion also had a new beauty. Miss Cornor resolved on a new and closer life with Christ, and I also felt, as we talked of whatsoever things were pure and lovely and of good report, an inspiration of puissant purities that shall strengthen my hold on God. Just at the dawn of day we entered the pretense of a little bay. Miss Cornor called my attention to Coconut Island, a beautiful picture of palms on the canvas of the morning sky. On the main shore we saw a few houses and several church spires penetrating a dense foliage. This was our destination for the present, and we climbed down the ship's side into whale boats of the natives, which tossed and plunged and almost swamped as we tumbled pell mell into them. When we were all in as I thought and just pushing off, I saw Mr. Sawyer standing on deck at the head of the ship's stairs. At my command the little boat was detained while I climbed up the ship and by main force dragged Mr. Sawyer down into the boat. Three hundred yards' rowing brought us to the shore and we were then in a little village called Hilo on the Eastern side of the Island of Hawaii. No hacks, no street cars, no hotel rooms. A few native huts, and some very clean white houses of foreigners. We had to seek private entertainment which is found at the house of Dr Kitridge. Breakfast, and [we] are now ready for the trip to the Volcano.

Volcano House, 30 Miles South of Hilo. At 9½ [9:30] this morning four saddle horses stood ready for us. Our party consisted of Mr. R. G. Mudge, Mr Northrup, myself and a Kanaka trail guide. We galloped out under cocos [and] bananas, passed native huts, and a little out of the village passed a sugar cane plantation whose purple tassels were a new beauty to my overloaded sense of the esthetic. Four miles out we plunged into a genuine tropical forest, where gigantic ferns

spread their branches over our trail forming an arch of gorgeous green under which we galloped, with tangled jungles on either side, of vines innumerable and . . . climbing the Ohia 75 or a hundred feet high. . . . The scorching tropical sun was shut out. This dense forest continued four miles. At its edge we dismounted and plucked delicious oranges from a few trees near a deserted house. Here also was a grove of coconut palms with many clusters of coconuts. At 3 p.m. a heavy rain set in, but we galloped towards the fiery mountain. Darkness overtook us. Our guide was in the rear with a disabled horse. The prospect before us was dismal. . . . Mr Mudge said, "I see a glare before us." It became brighter and brighter. It was a pillar of volcanic fire. It lighted the whole forest, we could see the time on our watches. We traveled on joyfully by the light of the volcano. The ti and pualoalo [hibiscus] and great over-arching fern stood out darkly defined in the strange glare of the volcano. For a moment the light would fade and then flash out with a new brightness. As we approached the Volcano House, we became enveloped in steam issuing from holes along our trail. Dismounting, we entered a most cheerful room, with a blazing fire in a great old-fashioned fireplace, 4440 feet above the sea and wet from the drenching rain made this fire most grateful. Here we have spent this whole evening of Dec. 2nd 1880, gazing in rapt amazement upon the wild lurid flashes and the red fire of liquid lava of the greatest active crater in the world. And to the South about 15 miles two fires can be seen on Mauna Loa.

At 8½ [8:30] this morning Dec. 3rd, 1880 Mr. Mudge, Mr. Northrup, myself, and a white volcano guide, equipped with staff, lunch, and a canister of rain water, started on foot down into the crater of Kilauea. Fifty yards from the Volcano House we passed over the edge of the pali or rim of the crater. A zigzag trail about three quarters of a mile through shrubs of Ohia, guava, and fern, brought us to the bottom of a lava wall about 600 feet perpendicular [and] about 9 miles in circumference. We then stepped upon recently-formed lava, not a year old, and began our ascent towards the cone. The guide turned to me and said, "Follow me." I turned to Mr. Mudge and addressed him with these words, "I will say as Paul said, 'follow me as I follow the Savior'." Daring as vegetation had been in creeping down the old crater walls, its courage had failed here and we had gone beyond the boldest form of vegetable life. Up and down we traveled on in single file with no sound but the hollow echo of our footsteps and the crunch crunch of the soles of our shoes on the scoriae or loosened laminai of lava. At the rim of the crater it seemed

as though we had reached the edge of Nature's skull, the calvarium being removed we stepped down upon the brain. The whole surface over which we walked for two miles was like the convolutions of the brain with sulci or crevices dipping down and a hairy something called *pele* [Pele's hair] enveloping like the arachnoid membrane. The heat overcoming us, we divested ourselves of coats and laid them by the trail. On we tramped, crunching the loose silicious lava, down into a sulcus, then up some corrugated green or bronze or black convolution, twisted or wrinkled or folded, shiny and satiny like some display of silk in a show window of the White House or Mosgroves [department stores in San Francisco]. The heat increased and we began to hear strange sounds echoes of thunder or distant artillery. From the moment we reached the bottom of the crater and stepped upon recent lava, although we went down and up and up and down, not a yard level, we were gradually ascending until we reach the top of the cone nearly on a level with the original rim of the crater. Then suddenly the horrors of a lake of fire burst upon us. We stood on the rim of the cone and looked over into a sea of boiling lava splashing, surging, leaping madly, wildly against its impreserving walls, thrusting red tongues up into the heated air. . . . Hissing, a great swell would roll in from the boiling centre and break with a boom against the wall, leaping in bright scarlet or blood-red fury 80 feet to the surface and sending masses of red-hot *pele* hair away into the air above the spot where we stood. I approached within six feet of the edge and gathered a bunch of this strange hairy thing. The guide called to me to come away, saying, "That is undermined and you are standing over the lake." Our first exclamation as we looked down into this hell-fire was, "Oh Horror of horrors." This lake is about one-half mile in diameter [and] only about five months old. A few months [earlier] it entirely disappeared, the bottom dropped out, only a dark impenetrable hole was left. After six weeks it appeared again in all the sublimity of its present splendor of hideous horrors. We turned away satiated with a sense of the dreadful. Following our faithful guide, we descended a little in a tortuous up-and-down course over convolutions now covered so thickly with brown *pele* hair that the whole surface of hideous-looking figures looked like rocks covered with seals drying themselves in the sun at the Cliff House. A quarter of a mile brought us to the brim of the old south lake, the old or true Kilauea. We stood about 40 feet from a little lake oval in shape not over a hundred feet long. It was still, with a dark brown surface. The guide said, "Wait a minute, it is showing signs of life." Soon a line of red along the edge

appeared, then a tear clear across . . . and slush, splash, bang, and liquid fire leaped into the air, and a dense sulphurous gas enveloped us, blinding and choking us, until it seemed perilous in the extreme to stand there another moment. This fiery monster raged and writhed in grander fury than the other. I held this book in my hand and wrote while Mr. Mudge held the ink. The three headlines on page 29—(Kilauea—The wildest wonder of the world.—Dante's *Inferno*—and Deves' [?] great dividing gulf combined). We stood looking down into this greatest wonder of the world with thoughts and feelings that cannot be uttered. It is the Azoic. Once the world was without life, [and] Kilauea is a remaining part of that far-off "once." It is the Mother of Mountains in the pangs of parturition and the agonies of puerpural convulsions. Go, pantheist, and look down into this awful demonstration of damnation and read in liquid lore the loveless language of Lucifer and then give up your God. The heat and sulphurous fumes and a sense of danger turned us away, and the guide said, "We have not seen all yet." Just as we turned away, Mr. Mudge preceding me broke through and fell, I caught him by the arm, greatly alarmed with the fear that he had broken his leg, but he escaped with only a slight abrasion and a few drops of blood drawn by the silicious spiculae that cover new lava. He had only broken through a convolution into a cavity that looked like a gigantic geode. About a quarter of a mile down this side of the cone was a blowhole or small crater belching forth a stream of fiery fluid, with explosions sounding like the puff of a gigantic locomotive; towards this our guide led us and to my utter amazement took us up to within 15 feet to this most frightful demon of destruction we had yet seen. It was a bronze statue with grotesque Egyptian forms and figures about 12 feet high [and] 8 feet in diameter at the base tapering to about a foot at the top out of which shot a stream of red liquid lava, some of it leaping 20 feet into the air. A sudden whirl of the wind might bring it down upon our foolhardy heads. A sudden explosion with a frightful sound prompted a shout from me to the guide to take us away, for we dare not take a step without his guidance. Mr. Mudge said this was the most wonderful of all these horrid wonders and he and Mr. Northup were reluctant to leave it. We were standing upon hot lava only a few inches from fire. We had stepped over several cracks an inch wide through which we could see red hot lava. A few rods further down and we saw for the first time live [a] lava-flow, a beautiful sight, like a great yolk of an egg with a brown skin bursting and the thick yellow stuff lazily oozing out. An iron gray covered the

surface of one convolution piled upon another until the inside yellow fluid broke through the iron gray skin and rolled out, a foot or more in depth, six or eight feet in length, to form another corrugated iron-gray, black, or bronzed convolution. In a few hours this would be hard enough to walk over. We thrust our staff into these rolling masses and lifted lumps of it out and wished to form specimens, but the guide said it was not good lava for specimens. He then led us over lava that had been formed last night, over a field of it a quarter of a mile; we ran leaping over cracks every few steps which showed the blood-red lava with[in] six inches of the surface. I felt my feet almost blistering. My face and hands were red with heat. The staff in my hand blazed as I stuck it into some crack. The perspiration oozed from every pore in my body. Faint with mingled fear and fatigue we reached a little dark mound of older lava where we rested. It was a little island not 50 feet across nor more than ten feet above the liquid fire. Here we made our specimens, the guide teaching us. He took two staffs and pulling his hat over his face withdrew to the flow and brought a soft-fire mass, cooling rapidly, but with a little haste and dexterity it could be moulded into doughnut shapes with a piece of silver coin in the centre. My first attempt was a failure but I succeeded the second time. We spent nearly an hour in this perilous place. As far as we could see it was lava flow more than a mile in some directions, and us on a little island. Twice I noticed our guide run up to the top of our resting place and look around. I asked him what he did it for, when he coolly replied, "I want to see if our retreat is still open." This dreadful suspicion had prompted my inquiry . . . that we might be cut off by the most dreadful of all deaths. A tide of a sea of fire was surrounding us and rising higher every moment on our little island. The third time our guide went to look for a safe retreat we suggested the propriety of starting home. We had seen the great Kilauea, the grandest volcanic scenery on this Earth. Closely following the guide, we retraced our steps, our thirsty throats seeking the last drop of warm rainwater in the canteen. Every stitch of our clothing was wet with perspiration, every fibre of our bodies lax and trembling with exhaustion, every capacity mental and moral within us burdened with the grandest impressions of the mightiest potencies of Nature. What is it, whence is it, who made it? Is it a confirmation of the long entertained crust-cooling theory, or is Mr. John Faull right in his nucleus crystalization . . . within and Kilauea is only a local fusion from concentrated electric forces? Again we reached the edge of the recent lava and stepped off on the upward trail, reaching in a few yards a marble cross in memory of Alfred Houlden, a visitor

from England who dropped dead there [pencilled in: Sept. 20, 1879]. At 3 p.m. we reached [the] Volcano House. The landlord Mr. Wm H. Lentz gave us every attention our exhausted condition required. We had been on our feet six hours and had walked 11 miles. Resting an hour, we then took a delicious steam sulphur bath, visited the sulphur banks, a beautiful phenomenon. The banks are from 20 to 40 feet high, perforated with holes out of which issue steam and around which pure yellow crystals of sulphur form in all sorts of beautiful fantastic shapes. I reached out my hand to get a specimen and my fingers were severely blistered in an instant. The crystals were too fragile to preserve. Returning to the house, Mr. Lentz kindly assisted us pack our specimens and prepare for tomorrow's saddle ride back again to Hilo 30 miles. Darkness came bringing that same strange volcanic glare in the heavens. And now we can understand its variableness and shadow of turning—a sudden brilliancy in the glare is a mighty billow of fire bursting against the walls and leaping nearly to the surface. The little craters or blow-holes on the side of the main cone are very active tonight. We watch them from the veranda sending up their columns of red and yellow fluid-fire, and much of the lava flow that was iron-gray by daylight is now red. Hundreds of bright red lines can be seen marking the movings of the flow.

Saturday Dec. 4th 1880—We breakfasted this morning before daylight on taro, poi, fried bananas and a delicious berry called ohelo, somewhat like the cranberry. At 6½ [6:30] a.m. we were in the saddle. The morning was lovely. Fascinated by the combination of horrors within that awful crater, we felt a reluctance to leave. We dashed down a trail leading through steam issuing through holes all around us and soon plunged again into dense foliage of guava, fern, *pualoalo*, ti, ohia, and some beautiful flowers. At the 17 mile house we lunched, chiefly on oranges plucked from trees there. Two miles further on I was foolish enough to leave the trail in pursuit of coconuts. I was walking through a fern jungle when I plunged into a rocky pit and sprained my wrist. Only the Mercy of God saved me from a dreadful death. Stunned and fearful that I was hurt internally, I climbed out of the volcanic cavity I had pitched into [and] went back to my horse. My companions and guide were out of sight and I was in great pain. I had 12 miles to ride. We reached our home at Dr Kittredge's about 5 p.m. The doctor has examined my wrist and done it up in proper treatment. I feel thankful that I am alive, though I am suffering a

great deal of pain. Since Thursday morning we have ridden in the saddle 61 miles and walked 11 miles. Have seen all the varieties of vegetation on this island and satisfied a lifetime longing to see the greatest active volcano in the world.

Sabbath, Dec. 5th 1880—Rain, rain, all the night long, five inches in one night. The usual rainfall on Hawaii is 180 inches annually. Sabbath bells rang, the clouds broke away, the tropical sun poured forth intensely effulgent. The air was thick with sweet perfumes. The surf is very high and breaks upon the lava shore in foamy fury and a refreshing energy and anger in striking contrast with all things else so lazy and lethean. The mind, the heat, the body catch the prevailing spirit. The muscle is lax, the body is a burden, the flesh is weak, and the spirit is unwilling. Lethargy overcomes the mind and it is hard to think. We went to church. A neat little white chapel. Rev. Mr. Baker of San Francisco preached. About 35 persons were present. I visited the Sabbath school at 4½ [4:30] p.m. . . . 25 [were] present, some native. This place is well supplied with churches. The collection was for "foreign missions." After Sunday School Mrs. Kittredge, Rose, Maud, Morris, Mr. Piatt, and myself went down to the shore to witness the greatest surf I had ever seen. The great billows rolled like mighty cylinders 20 feet in diameter. We gathered shells such as are never seen on the California shore. Coconut Island, with its tall palms waving in graceful beauty against the sea and sky horizon, had a refining fascination for me. My hungering and thirsting for the soft, sweet, lethean life of the tropics is being filled. Village native girls in Sunday attire strolled in groups under the palms and bamboo. Some are really pretty, and all have a bright soft pleasing eye. All, old and young, are fond of flowers and wear on the head and around the neck what is called the rei [lei]—a wreath of flowers, buds, or leaves.

Tuesday Dec. 7th 1880—Yesterday forenoon Mr. Mudge and I engaged two saddle horses from a native at a cost of \$8. each for a ride of 15 miles along the shore northward, to visit sugar plantations and see the process of making sugar from cane. We ventured without a guide. At 11 a.m. we galloped out of town across the Wailuku river, up a trail leading to the woods. On we galloped in full confidence of our being on the right road. Our trail had a suspicious direction too far into the interior of the Island. The heat was melting. After one hour's ride we reached a native hut and on enquiry found we could go no further in that direction. Rebuked in self-righteousness, we

retraced our steps all the way to the town, having ridden six miles out of our way. Again we started and on the right trail. At 1½ [1:30] p.m. we reached a cluster of houses and the plantation of Judge Austin, the village being called Onomea. The Judge had kindly invited us to rest and lunch there. The scenery we had passed through was charming—rivers, cascades, rocks, dense foliage, thatched native huts, palms, bananas, cocos, bread trees, *pualalo*—deep, dark canyons, with the sea ever on our right a few hundred feet distant in some places. About a mile before reaching the Judge's, Mr. Mudge fell into the rear and I lost sight of him. I waited long and became anxious about him. At last he appeared on foot pulling his tired horse and a hired Kanaka behind whipping the poor brute. The heat and the exercise made Mr. Mudge's usually lively complexion look like a live lobster. The Judge greeted us warmly and soon refreshed us with a plantation lunch and then showed us through his sugar mill, the first sugar mill I have seen. It is a large building like an extensive quartz mill. The rollers for grinding the cane are on the principle of the rolling cylinders in an iron rolling mill, fed by a carrier about five feet wide into which the cane is dumped from the flume. The flume carried the cane down to the mill as timber is carried in the Sierras. The pressed juice runs into tank after tank heated with steam pipes in the bottom of the tank; on it goes through pipe and tank losing its darkness and dirt and becoming thicker until it reaches the centrifuge where it granulates into brown sugar and is bagged. One of these mills will grind out nine tons a day. The usual crop of cane on these Hawaiian plantations is from 900 to a thousand tons of sugar, bagged and shipped to San Francisco, selling for about \$120 per ton. The annual exports of all the islands is about 40,000 tons. Each plantation employs about 200 men and 200 animals. It requires about 18 months from the time of planting for the cane to mature. An acre of good cane will produce four or five tons of sugar. The cane grows about 10 feet high on an average, the richest part being nearest the root, glucose towards the top. Rats are the great enemy of the cane, each planter keeping four or five men constantly at work poisoning them. A field rat [is] smaller than the wharf or city rat. I obtained specimens of cane and sugar. At 3 p.m. we were again in the saddle, Judge Austin kindly providing a fresh horse for Mr. Mudge, and now a most enchanting ride was before us. Inland is a great water shed, and a mountain crowned with perpetual snow away in the clouds in grand impressive splendor 14,000 feet above the sea. It is Mauna Kea . . . the Mount Hood of Hawaii. These great

sources of water must find transit to the sea and they have done so not in one great Columbia River but in many deep, dark dismal cuts or canyons through the lava. Our trail led down into each one of these close to the sea. We approach the edge abruptly and a steep zigzag path or stone stairs goes down, down into dark overhanging jungle of ti, fern, *pualoalo*, vines, one mass of tangled living green. The sun is shut out. You hear a sound away below you in the damp shadows of the dismal jungle. Suddenly a turn in the trail and the open sea greets you gladly, a beautiful little bay 300 yards across fascinates you. You are still away up on the jungle side of a lava wall, tall palms are beneath you 75 feet high, and you look down into their nest of nuts. Then bananas and bread fruit, too, present their luscious loveliness. Another turn and dark green fern arch you in, and on and down your prehensile animal carries you safely at last to the bottom of the canyon, where a wild roaring river madly plunges in whitest cascade grandeur over the dark lava boulders and this wild torrent must be forded. You lift your feet out of the stirrup and are safely carried over. We crossed 33 of these canyons, some of them 400 feet in perpendicular depth, and so narrow that in some places the foliage on opposite sides almost arch them over. How these lava walls sustain such a wealth of vegetable life is marvelous. Life seems spontaneous, fence rails are alive, gate posts bud and bloom and offer their tribute of perfumed praise to the giver of life. Is there no death here? Yes, abundance of death. In searching for coconuts I found the necropolis of vegetation. Soft, sickening death, exhaling a sour smell of decay. I had crept down through the surface green and found the other party in this great conflict, but Life conquers and death is only the subsidized agency of the resurrection. From its entombed self the banana springs anew to bear another bunch of fruit. We were 2½ hours traveling these ups and downs of jungle and lava walls a distance of seven miles. Just at sundown we reached the plantation whose cluster of homes constitute the town of Hakalau. We had been invited and were expected by Mr. & Mrs. Morrison, whose acquaintance we made on the ship. They greeted us and entertained us with that cordial hospitality that is characteristic of all these plantations and has made some say that "Hospitality" is the Goddess of these Islands. Mr. Morrison's cottage is situated on the edge of one [of] these wild deep canyons just over a little bay of the sea, a few hundred yards wide, and in the bottom of the canyon is the Sugar Mill. The south and east is boundless sea. The first morning ray of sunlight that enters Mrs. Morrison's bedroom window comes fresh from its bath in

the sea. Northwest her verandah looks across the narrow deep canyon to the opposite bank of tropical jungle and down into wild, mad, roaring cascades, plunging into the breakers of the sea. The background is Mauna Kea, clothed in white, numbered justly among that great multitude of redeemed sublimities that have come up through great volcanic tribulations. Mrs. Morrison is a bride and the sadness of this far-off isolation must find some amelioration in the natural loveliness of her new home. At 6 a.m. I arose and wandered down to the sea. Then to the Mill of Mr. Morrison. They were "sugaring off" and I wrapped up several specimens of the newly made sugar. At 9 a.m. we bade these kind people goodbye and again we were in the saddle. Lunching at Judge Austin's, and visiting the Hitchcock's Sugar Mill, we reached here at 4 p.m. This completed our saddle riding on the Island of Hawaii, 96 miles in all, giving us a fair opportunity to see and learn the true character of the country in its fruits, its rocks, its rivers, its mountains, its trees, and its inhabitants. Crossing one of these romantic canyons yesterday, we had an opportunity to study more than the face of the natives. In a beautifully wild spot, where a swell in the canyon allowed the sun to shine in and where the river widened into basins of pure little lakes 10 or 15 feet in width, a company of men and women were bathing. The roar of the cascades prevented their hearing our horses clatter down the stone stairs, and we surprised them in their nakedness. One woman manifested a little modesty by sinking beneath the water as far as her waist, which was entirely wanting in others. These people are fond of the water. They are cleanly in their habits and wear the cleanest of clothes. The men are expert divers on this river of Wailuku. There is a diving rock 90 feet from the water, from which the natives dive for pastime, plunging into deep basins in the lava rock. I envied this bathing party their luxury and on returning this morning I could not resist the temptation, but halted, stripped and plunged into the very place where my modest Kanaka had tried to conceal her beauty beneath the dark waters of the mountain stream. I enjoyed the bath greatly.

Wednesday, Dec. 8th, 1880—Rose at 6 o'clock and walked down to the sea. The steamer *Likeli* had just arrived from Honolulu with an excursion party and soon began to land in the same manner as we did last Thursday. King Kalakaua was on board. The whole little village of Hilo seemed gathered on the shore. It is the only excitement of this place and this only once a week. Some of the passengers were

soon mounted and off for the volcano—I have spent this day lazily, lounging and swinging in a hammock, reading a little, walking on the sea shore, wandering up the Wailuku, and ever and again looking longingly Northeasterly to stronger ties than all the tropics of the world.

Thursday Dec. 9th 1880—It is a lovely morning, not a cloud in this tropical sky. To the west I lift my eyes to the snow-clad summit of Mauna Kea and to the East over the far stretching Pacific sea. The surf roars. It is the only sound I hear. This is a pleasant Christian home. Dr C. S. Kittridge is a good man, well read and of a scientific turn of mind. Mrs. Kittridge is a pleasant lady, cultured and very refined in her manner and tastes. Rose is their oldest daughter about 11 years old. Maud and Morris are twins, and Mary is the baby. They are beautiful children, gentle and loving. There is a little strife among them to excell in attention to me. Breakfast over, we all assemble in the parlor, sing from Cantry book with an accompaniment on the piano, then a chapter of the Bible, and this morning the Dr. asked me to lead in prayer. God is here on this far-off island. I am now seated against a coconut palm on Coconut Island to whose beauty Miss Cornor directed my attention from the ship *Likeli* on the morning of our arrival at Hilo. A native dark and swarthy is now in the top of a coco tree to which he climbed like a cat about 60 feet. He is throwing down coconuts which fall within a few feet of me. Near me sit Miss Anna Cornor, Miss Lamb, and Mrs. Dr. Kittridge and Miss Cohn, cultured and amiable ladies contributing greatly to the already overflowing reservoir of happiness in my heart . . . The children are sporting in the warm surf on white shell sand. I have just gathered some lovely microscopical shells from this shelly shore. The picture before me is thrillingly grand and enchantingly lovely. Immediately East is the boundless sea, stretching away to loved ones on the Pacific Coast. West is the village of Hilo a mile across the bay. The steamer *Likeli* [is] anchored in the bay. The background of Hilo is one dense forest of Ohia, coco palm, *pualoalo*, fern, and climbing away up the slopes of Mauna Loa, to a line where disheartened life gives up the race and yields to the sovereignty of the reign of fire and then grim black lava reaches up 10,000 feet above the sea where a column of smoke rises in dismal grandeur before us. It is the burning mountain, and down from this smoke there flows a great river of lava which we saw the morning of our arrival. These awful proofs of the mightiness of . . . potencies lead me to the might and majesty of Him who made

the sea, who piled up these mountains, "Whose nod is Nature's birth/Whose frown her dissolution," Who is called Omnipotent and yet His name and Nature, too, is love. And who hath taught us to call Him "Our Father." He loved us and gave himself for us. North of Mauna Loa and nearer us is Mauna Kea, 14,000 feet above us, whose sovereign snowy summit sways the sceptre of Mural Majesty over every foothill and forest of Hawaii. Away to the South stretch rich plantations of sugar cane, with here and there the tall coco palm in little groves gracefully waving in emblematic victory while hill and heaven, and fern and flower and snow-clad Kea, and fiery Loa all seem clothed with an enpurpled Mystic Mantle of tropical loveliness. This is a day of purest pleasures. . . . We have just lunched on bananas and oranges and nice things the ladies provided. We have also had a refreshing bath in the surf. I swam out into the blue deep water of the Pacific. Mr. Piatt called to me to warn me against the possibility of a shark, but I was fascinated with a ride on the blue billows, out, down, and then away up on a breaker until I could scarcely hear Mr. Piatt's warning voice. I turned and was alarmed at the distance my foolishness had carried me, but the billows swiftly bore me in, and I stood again on the soft white shell-sand. It is the loveliest bathing spot I have ever seen. A little bay a hundred feet wide reaches into the island, embraced in lava arms that protectingly stretch out a few hundred feet. I swam beyond these arms and was in the open sea. Coconut Island is about two acres in area and has about 100 coconut trees, with a dense carpet of grass. Returning from bathing we found the ladies gathering microscopic shell of great beauty, and little Mary Kittridge sleeping in a hammock swinging between two coco trees. . . .

Evening Dec. 9th 1880—At 3 p.m. the natives brought back our whale boat around on the Eastern side of the island. Four stalwart darkskinned fellows such as killed Capt. Cook rowed us out between black lava rocks, and passing the anchored *Likeline* we plunged and rocked in white-caps, the salty waters dashing over our heads sometimes. As we approached the shore, the surf swiftly shot us in and landed us in the foam of the crested waves on which we rode. We were carried out of the boat to dry land in the arms of the natives.

Rainbow Falls, Dec. 10, 1880—I am now writing beneath the loveliest waterfalls on the Island of Hawaii, a mile and a half above Hilo. The Wailuku River plunges over an arch of lava in one

unbroken leap 90 feet into a dark oval basin 200 wide. The walls on either side of the falls are perpendicular black lava over a hundred feet high. Here, also, irrepressible life bursts from every seam and sulcus in the rock, clothing the grim and savage lava in robes of gorgeous green. I sit on a tuft of fern and rank grass with a block of black porous lava for a table. I have just enjoyed a plunge into the deep dark waters below me and a good swim. The jungle of tropical forest gave us the sense of the dismal, the fiery crater impressed us with the terrible, and here we feel the inspiration of the pure and beautiful. I now bid farewell to Hilo, its kind friends, its burning Mauna Loa, with its new blaze which broke out this morning and prompted Dr Kittridge to knock at my door before I rose to call me to the observatory and witness a new horror belching forth a new river of fire. Then, too, Mauna Kea in its robes of snowy righteousness, and waving fields of sugar cane, gardens of taro, Coconut Island with its stately palms and its picnic pleasures. To all these wild wonders of Nature, dreams of my youth realized, longing of a life-time gratified, I now bid adieu forever, with a deeper faith in Omnipotent God, with a new longing for learning, with a developed taste for science, with a broader base for the superstructure of a better life. Farewell Miss Ann Cornor, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Kittridge, Dr. Rose, Maud, Morris, Mary. On Friday Dec. 10th, at 4 p.m., Mr. Mudge and myself leaving Mr. Piatt and Mr. Sawyer at Hilo, were rowed out to the *Likeli* and left forever Hawaii with all its luxuriant loveliness and all its fiery horrors. Mauna Loa still sent up its column of smoke and fire in plain view from the boat. The sea was calm, the evening lovely as we passed along the coast looking up the densely foliated canyons we had crossed on horseback last Monday and Tuesday. The points of interest to us were Hitchcock's Mill, Judge Austin's and then Mr. Morrison's at Hakalau, where Mrs. Morrison was to wave her handkerchief as we passed, but it was too dark to discern anyone. After dining, beds were spread on deck and in the warmth and moonlight of the tropics we lay down to be rocked to sleep soothed by the song of the sea.

Dec. 11th, 1880—The next morning found us still on the coast of Hawaii but on the West side. At 10 a.m. our prow pointed North across the channel. Here the sea was so rough that it sent us all to our backs on the beds on deck. At 2 p.m. we were under the lea of the great extinct crater of Haleakala, a crater nine miles in diameter, 10,000 feet above the sea, on the Island of Maui. At a wharf here we took on 360 sacks of sugar. Maui is fertile in plantations of cane.

Evening found us in a lovely little strait between the Islands Lanai and Maui, and at 7 we cast anchor and climbed down the side of the ship into a whale boat and were rowed to the little town of Lahaina, buried in groves of palm and papaias and resting on a background of high abrupt walls of extinct craters. This was once the capital of the Kingdom and a great whaling depot. We spent an hour there.

Last night we crossed the channel, which was very rough, between Molokai and Oahu and at 5 this morning entered the harbor at Honolulu. Glad I am to reach again this still, sweet, leafy spot. Oh, the luxury of such a transition. It is the Sabbath, Dec. 12th 1880—I strolled around and found myself entering a Native church. Poor deluded beings were bowing to the images of the Roman church, dipping their black hands into holy water, crossing, genuflecting. About 200 [were] present in a large church that would seat 1500. Again I wandered out and entered a Sabbath School of whites and natives who could talk English. This was home. The lesson was Joseph forgiving his brethren after the death of Jacob, the same as my own class are today studying. I was invited into the Bible class and enjoyed the lesson. Then Rev. Dr. Frear preached. The day has been a blessing to me. At the conclusion of the lesson Dr. Martin, the teacher, came to me, shook hands and, asked me to come again, how long I was to stay, my name, and then introduced me to some of the people. Then [he] invited me upstairs into a nice church. It was Fort St. Congregational Church. Some of the congregation were natives dressed and in their right minds. This is a Christian land. The Sabbath is observed. Once it was all heathen, and human sacrifices were offered to their gods, and human flesh was eaten. It pays to maintain the Missionary cause. Civilization has brought disease and liquor that have reduced the number of the natives from 150,000 to less than 50,000, and the prospect is utter extermination, but this [is] not Christianity. There are now only 56,000 all told on these Islands. White vice is a volcano of destruction that has overflowed this people.

Monday Evening Dec. 13th 1880—The Royal Band is giving us a concert tonight in the court of this hotel. They are natives, fine musicians, under the tutorage of a German. The corridors of the hotel are comfortably full of visitors and guests, and the grassy court, over-arched with palm, papaias, tamarind, etc. is occupied by clean, neatly dressed natives of both sexes. It is bright moonlight, but the players read their music by the light of lamps in the shadow of dense foliage, and the sweet strains seem to have a strange richness undulat-

ing through this perfumed island atmosphere. A soft, sweet, lethean lusciousness pervades and perfumes every sense until thought and motion blend in the delirium of delight. Pleasure in its sweetest and most voluptuous form is the passion of this people. There is sugar in the soil and aroma fills the air. And like Mauna Loa's lava, every maiden's eye is a fountain of fire full of volcanic destruction and damnation in contact with electric lust. Dr. Tisdale, an eminent and reliable physician of long residence on these Islands, tells me that only five percent of both natives and foreigners are free from syphilitic taint. But there is another side to this sad picture. Christianity is a tree of life. On my way to the volcano I passed through a dense forest of ferns, palm, banana, and flowers and foliage entwined with vines in every imaginable charm of gracefulness and grandeur. I dismounted and crept down from the trail into damp, dark death. It was the vault of Nature where the dead of centuries lay in a bottomless mass of rotteness. So are the two parties of this moral life. Up out of the bottomless rotteness of sin, Christianity is rising in graceful victory like the palm with its luscious fruits and the beauty and fragrance of the foliage and flower of living love. And luxuriant Christian life shall yet clothe in the beauty of holiness the charred and blackened trail left like a river of lava by foreign sin and shame.

Tuesday Dec. 14th 1880—This morning, in company with Mr. Mudge and Mr. Simmons, a Kanaka with a good team drove us out of town through Nuuanu Avenue—the Nob Hill of Honolulu, beautiful homes, gardens of everlasting green, fountains and foliage, and ferns and flowers, bending bunches of bananas, and the King [royal] and coco palm waving in their victorious graceful grandeur, perfumed peace prevailing in potential plenty. It seemed to be the ideal of home happiness and safe and sweet serenity. Walks and lawns and flowers of crimson and white and yellow, with the turtle dove and minah bird cooing and singing their grateful songs in the deep shadows of heavy foliage on either hand for more than a mile so nearly the same that the avenue is but a median line between sister sides. Eden, paradise or Elysian, would be [the] correct interpretation of Nuuanu Avenue. How boundless Nature's possibilities of luxuriant living loveliness! We then entered a valley between two precipitous walls of lava overgrown with fern and guava. Up and on our horses climbed to a point where the converging walls left only a narrow pass but a few yards wide. We leave our team and make the final ascent of a few hundred yards on foot, and here like the approach to Inspira-

tion Point in Yosemite, you stand suddenly upon the brink of a wild dizzy height and look down a perpendicular wall of black lava upon a plain of tropical verdure 600 feet below, stretching a few miles to the blue waters of the Pacific, and above us the lava walls lifted their dark brows more than a thousand feet. This is the Pali, over which Kamehameha 1st, like William of Normandy driving the Picts over the northern heights of England, drove his rebellious subjects and conquered the Kingdom of Hawaii.

Dec. 15, 1880—Memory is a silver chord not severed by the sea, the telephone of the heart for love's unuttered language over the highest mountains of the world. Mr. and Mrs. Faull are perhaps starting today on their journey round the world, and will touch at this Island, and if so I shall pass them on the sea. I have today visited the Government buildings with Mr. D. K. Fife and then the national prison of which Mr. Fife is Warden. The government building is an imposing structure of Gothic and Corinthian architecture. The Parliament Hall is hung with portraits of all the Kamehamehas and the present King and Queen. Over the seat or throne of the King is a crown. The national museum is in the building where many barbarous relics of the cannibal past are preserved. Lava specimens constitute the greatest part of the collection.

Health and new and pleasant acquaintances combined with the beauty and fragrance of this Elysian loveliness pour overflowing tributaries into the reservoir of my happiness. This afternoon—Dec. 16th 1880—Mr. D. K. Fife, warden of the National Prison, invited me to a saddle ride with him. We first visited the insane asylum. There were 35 patients, only one violent case. There is but little insanity on the Islands. Then a gallop back through the town and a climb up a tortuous trail 600 [feet] perpendicular, leading our horses, brought us to the top of Punch-Bowl, an extinct crater an eighth of a mile across. Beneath us lay Honolulu and the sea, reminding me of Mount Royal over Montreal and the St. Lawrence. Returning to the Prison, I remained to dine with Mr. Fife and his family, Mrs. Fife, Pauline, May, and three small children. Then Mr. Fife's carriage brought me to the hotel.

HAWAIIAN FLORA

The commercial trees of the Hawaii Islands are very limited. Once the sandal was the chief, but it is exhausted. The *kamani* is a beautiful

wood susceptible to high polish, hard, and makes beautiful furniture. It grows to a height of 20 or 25 feet [and a] diameter [of] four or five feet. Next is the *koa*, somewhat similar, but rarer and having a more beautiful striated appearance when polished. The *kca* is too scarce for commercial profit. Coco, date and royal palm [are] limited to flat lands near the sea. A tree called the coconut tree is very abundant on hillside and valley, a bushy light colored pretty tree, 30 or 40 feet high, down to a shrub, bearing a rich nut used for lights and also eaten. Ferns are abundant. Guava also is the common shrub. [There are] many wild flowering trees whose names I did not learn, besides innumerable exotics.

THE FAUNA

The native animals are very limited. No large game, no bear, lion, foxes, deer, etc., nor snakes. There are wild duck, geese, turkeys. Insects abound, cockroaches grow to a frightful size and find their way to your bedroom, investigate your wardrobe, run across the floor like mice. I measured one, he was just an inch long not including antennae. Spiders are here the size of large tarantulas, and they are everywhere. Centipedes are simply frightful. And mosquitoes are like the devils of Gadara, their name is legion, both day and night. Flies are so troublesome that revolving fans are used at the table. My bed every morning is a bloody battlefield, although a net envelopes it, where I fight mosquitoes all night. And the natives lay all this trouble at the door of the whites—mice, rats, centipedes, cockroaches, spiders, mosquitoes, disease, and whisky all brought here by whites.

Dec. 17th 1880—In company with Mr. Fife and Mr. Mudge I drove in Mr. Fife's carriage to the Queen's Hospital, a beautiful place with ample grounds and walks shaded with the royal, date & coco-palm. A neat building of lava rock, 120 beds, 73 patients, South Sea Islanders, Hawaiians, whites and three Africans. Then back to the prison to lunch, and then a drive to the ricefields. They were cutting and thrashing and hulling rice. At 6 p.m. we drove back to the prison and spent a delightful time. Mrs. Fife is a beautiful, accomplished native of Maui. Mr. Mudge and Mr. Gardner were members of the dinner party. Wild turkey from this Island, papaias, pies, taro or kalo, were native dishes on the table. At the request of Mrs. Fife I gave the following toast to these Islands—"The land of loveliness and the atmosphere of laziness; where Life prevails and even gate-

posts bud and bloom and offer up their perfumed praise to God the giver of all good; the land of bananas bending under their bountiful bunches of fruit, where the royal, date, and coco-palm victoriously wave in graceful grandeur, where a soft, sweet Lethean lusciousness possesses and pervades every sense, blending emotion and thought in one delirium of delight; where pleasure in its sweetest and most voluptuous form is the passion of the people; where there is sugar in the soil and aroma fills the air, and like Mauna Loa's lurid light every native maiden's eye is a volcano of fire dangerous in contact with white electric lust. Land of three L's, of life, of lava, and of love."

Hawaiian hospitality is charming [and] I shall remember forever the kindness of my Sandwich Island friends. My professional brethren have done what they could to contribute to my entertainment, Dr. T. P. Tisdale especially. But Mr. D. K. Fife and his charming family surpass them all.

Dec. 18, 1880—Again I have lunched and dined at their bountiful table and this afternoon enjoyed a most delightful drive with Mr. Fife and three little Misses, Pauline and May Fife and Kittie McGrew. We drove to Waikiki four miles out near Diamond Head, to the Royal residences, where the King has a coco forest. And calling at Mr. Cleghorn's, I was presented to his wife. The Princess Likelike, sister to the King. She was very sociable and entertained us with fruits and wine. Their home is entrancingly lovely. A one story house of Hawaiian architecture a broad piazza, vines and flowers, cane lounges and easy chairs, fur rugs, and native matting, walls burdened with pictures, especially of the royal family. In the rear is a large room about 40 feet square [with a] low roof, a window four feet high all around the edge next the roof, and a net room for reading standing in the corner. In the center of this room stood a long table, at which we sat at our entertainment. About 15 acres of ground surround the home with flowering trees of exquisite beauty. Banyans from India, date, coco and royal palms, little lakes full of golden fish, green turtle, and swans, peacocks, and many and innumerable beauties in fountains and flowers. Oh what Elysian loveliness. The Princess is about 30 years old, speaks English fluently, has a beautiful eye, and is pleasing in person and manner.

Monday, Dec. 20th 1880—My last day in Honolulu, I am watching for the *Zealandia* from Australia to take me back to the Golden Gate. Yesterday was a beautiful day. In the forenoon Marshal Park came

for [me] to go out in his carriage. I drove with him only to the library and then returned and went to church. The native Congregation church, a large lava and coral-rock building, a good organ, 16 native gentlemen and ladies in the choir, about 200 in the audience. I understood the tunes they sang and felt the spirit but did not know a word I heard. The people were clean and neatly dressed. I worshipped with them, but could not understand a word they said. At 2 p.m. I dined again at Mr. Fife's. Today Mrs. James Hazelton called on me.

So ends Dr. Bird's account of his Hawaiian sojourn. The ship he had been watching for, the *Zealandia*, arrived in Honolulu early on the morning of December 21st and was on its way to San Francisco by 11:30 that morning. However, two events kept the voyage home anything but placid: the irony of Dr. Bird's having engaged a state-room directly across from the cabin of an insane man and his having to spend more sleepless nights consulting with the ship's surgeon; and a fearsome storm encountered the second day out which continued until December 26th and threatened to destroy the ship and all on board. Fortunately, all arrived safely at the Golden Gate December 29th.

One further item merits attention. While it seems from the Journal entries that the doctor totally abandoned his patient in Hilo on December 10th, Piatt and Sawyer did eventually leave Hilo some weeks later and sailed for San Francisco on the *City of Sidney* January 19, 1881. But whether or not the trip cured Sawyer's precarious mental state remains a mystery, for he is never again mentioned in Dr. Bird's journal.

NOTES

¹ Journal of Dr. Nelson J. Bird, in the possession of Michael Hanson of Portland, Oregon, p. 2. A typescript is in the HHS Library.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 230, 160, and 173-178.

³ *Census of the United States Taken in the Year 1880 for San Francisco* (Washington, D. C.: United States Census Office, 1881), lists: Nelson Bird, physician, age 45; Augusta C. Bird, age 38. Bird is also listed on the *Official Register and Directory of Physicians and Surgeons, State of California*, 12th ed. (January, 1900), pp. 30 and 235.

⁴ J. Marion Read and Mary Mathes, "History of the San Francisco Medical Society," *San Francisco Medical Society* (San Francisco, 1958), p. 32; Journal of Dr. Nelson J. Bird, pp. 97 and 110.

⁵ *Final Report of the California World's Fair Commission—Chicago, 1893* (Sacramento: State Office of Printing, 1894), p. 8; Journal of Dr. Nelson J. Bird, pp. 196-230.

⁶ Letter from J. A. Moss, California Historical Society, 16 July 1983.